

## THE INDEX

ATZEC. . . . NEW MEXICO.

Boston teachers who are victims of the chicle habit should chew nothing but beans.

A young man seldom feels inclined to complain because a girl laps, when she says yes.

Fitzsimmons, however, is confident that he could effect another landing on Corbett's solar plexus.

Russell Sage has quit keeping regular office hours, but he has not yet given up the 10-cent lunch.

The Shanghai men who sent "news" during the Boxer troubles have apparently moved north to Kobe.

Boston teachers do not chew gum. They masticate an insoluble substance that exudes from certain trees.

The man who was ambitious to drive the water wagon on Jan. 1 is now content to cling to the left hind wheel.

Marie Corelli is described as being "short and plump." He it far from us to intimate that her stories are long and thin.

If a good New Year's resolution begins to show wear and become a little frayed at the edges that is no reason for discarding it.

New York city, we are informed by several exchanges, is to have a "monster cat show." Where are the monster cats to come from?

The American prohibition year book in its statistics on whisky, neglects to credit the stuff with the jobs it lost for its intimates during 1903.

Of course the young chambermaid of Ogden, Utah, who has just married a 70-year-old millionaire, believes in the predestined affinity of souls.

The sketch of the career of King Peter of Serbia recalls the late Noah Brooks' remark as to the fierceness of the boat that "lights upon a throne."

Clyde Fitch recently wrote six plays in one month. Mr. Fitch writes plays so quickly that they seem new to him when he sees them on the stage.

When Mr. Schwab's \$593 \$1,000 bonds were exhibited to the court, the participants in the trial sat about a long green table. How very appropriate!

Let us hesitate before we rashly go against such a formidable military array as Generals Ortiz, Uribe-Urbe, Bustamante—especially this fellow—And Novo.

The number of horses eaten by Parisians has grown from 10,000 in 1900 to more than 30,000 a year. The passing of "Lorse" in Paris is by way of the abattoir.

When a woman finally thinks of a place to put her money where nobody would ever think of looking for it, it is very trying indeed for her to forget where it is herself.

It appears that the late Henry D. Lloyd left an estate of \$250,000. And yet there have been few men who cared less for wealth, for wealth's sake, than Mr. Lloyd.

So many children were named for Ruth Cleveland that it is interesting to know that she herself was named for Ruth Tappan, a classmate of Mrs. Cleveland at Wells college.

Common sense is lacking through even the density of the minds in control of the French army, it being proposed to give the enlisted man a chance to win shoulder straps.

With the coal in the bin getting lower and lower all the time, Edward Atkinson would confer a general favor if he would hurry up the production of some of his nice mud fuel.

An Alabama girl who is heiress to a fortune of \$8,000,000 is mysteriously missing. It might be a good plan to call off the detectives and get some titled foreigner to come over and find her.

A trainload of doctors and surgical supplies stationed at convenient points along the right of way may soon come to be indispensable to the successful operation of the railway business.

A St. Louis paper states that out of twenty-two American novelists there is only one handsome man. As each of the twenty-two will consider himself the exception referred to no offense will be taken.

An Arizona man committed suicide a few days ago because he couldn't get his salary raised from \$9,000 to \$12,000 a year. We know quite a lot of people who would be willing to take \$9,000 a year each and live even in Arizona.

The "original hero" of Amelle Rives' novel, "The Quick or the Dead," expired the other day at Richmond. It will be news to a large majority of the people who read novels now that there ever was such a story as "The Quick or the Dead."

A dispatch from Port au Prince, Hayti, says that an attempt by Gen. Monplaisir to raise a revolt during the absence from the capital of President Nord one day last week was a failure. This proves that truth is stranger than fiction.

Representative Dixon of Montana has already acquired fame. His proposition to keep the Chinese from crossing our northern border by building a barbed wire fence will pass into history as a great scheme, no matter what Congress thinks of it.

### TO A LADY.

I think of thee when morning springs  
From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,  
And like a young bird, lifts her wings  
Of gladness on the welkin blue.  
And when, at noon, the breath of love  
O'er flower and stream is wafted free,  
And sent in music from the grove,  
I think of thee—I think of thee.  
I think of thee, when soft and wide,  
The evening spreads her robes of light,  
And, like a young and timid bride,  
Sits blushing in the arms of night.  
And when the moon's sweet crescent  
In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,  
And stars are forth, like blessed things,  
I think of thee—I think of thee.  
I think of thee; that eye of flame,  
Those tresses falling bright and free,  
That brow, where "Beauty" writes her name,  
I think of thee—I think of thee.  
—George D. Prentice.



### THE LONE CABIN ON THE PRAIRIE

By OLIVER PERRY MASLOVE

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It was the home of Mrs. Wilbur and her daughter. On every side the prairie with its dead grass stretched away for miles. Mr. Wilbur had died the year before and left his wife and Kate to get along as best they could. The girl was eighteen years old and a true daughter of the west. The past season she had cultivated the few acres of land that her father had broken up the year before.

"We must live," she said, "and the air and sunshine are so healthful, I think I shall make quite a farmer." Jonas Holstein and John Kirkman both were her suitors.

The former's horse was even now at the hitching post and he was learning his fate.

"Mr. Holstein," she said, "I have given you my answer, and you must be satisfied with it."

"But I am not satisfied. It was not what I was led to expect."

"I have led you to expect nothing. I have treated you as a friend, not as a lover."

"You have permitted my visits and seemed glad to see me."

"I have been to see you, and am glad to see almost anyone in this lonely place."

"But I would take you away from here. I know it is lonely."

"I have given you my answer," she said, decisively, "and I shall not change it."

"John Kirkman stands in my way," he returned, angrily, "but he shall never have you. You need not build your hopes upon him. He had better look out for himself."

"I think he can do that," she replied, coolly, "but it is best not to make threats; they are ugly things, and sometimes confront us when we least expect them."

"Well, I shall take care of mine, and we shall see how it comes out."

Without another word he hastily left her, and the next moment had mounted and was on a full gallop for the settlement, some ten miles distant.

He had gone about six miles when he met John Kirkman, who called out pleasantly:

"Hello, Jonas; been to see Miss Wilbur?"

"It's none of your business where I've been," was the surly reply, and lashing his horse into a run he was soon out of hearing distance.

He had gone but a short distance when he stopped and dismounted.

"Curse him," he said, "I'll fix him; the wind is just right." Then lighting a match he set fire to the dry grass. A little, red blaze reared out with its hot tongue, then leaped ahead and spread until it became a roaring sea of flame.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "what have I done? I did not think of such a fire; but he is doomed; the wind will take it right onto him—he can never escape! And the Wilbur cabin—I had not thought of that!" His face had grown white as death.

For a moment only he hesitated, then wheeling his horse he followed the fire at full speed.

Kirkman was riding slowly along, apparently unconscious of his danger, when suddenly he heard a roaring sound, and turning, saw a wall of

flame leaping along like a great monster with a thousand red tongues of fire.

The sight was so appalling that for a moment his heart almost ceased its beating: "Great heaven," he cried, "I can never reach the cabin ahead of it; and if I could, I might not be able to save its inmates. Oh, what will become of them?"

His horse was now at full speed; the flames were roaring and crackling behind him like a thousand engines. The smoke was sweeping ahead and blind his way—it was hot and stifling. Still he urged on his faithful horse until he could go no further—he was staggering under his great exertion.

He dismounted and examined his match box. "My God," he cried, "I've only one match left; if it should fail, I am lost."

With the utmost care he bent down and lit the match; a little blaze sprang up, wavered a moment or two, then rushed forward with the wind through the dead grass, leaving a blackened and smoking space behind it.

He easily stamped out a few feet of the "back fire" and led his horse upon the burned ground, following up the fire that was widening all around him, until he was comparatively safe—unless he should be suffocated with the heat and smoke, which were intense.

The fire behind came surging on in

great billows, but, when it struck the back-fire, it fell back in a smoldering mass.

"Mother," said Kate Wilbur, "there is a fire coming down on us from the north. I can hear it roaring and see the smoke and flames. You get some matches and the steel rake, while I get some water and a wet sack. We must 'back-fire' at once, and the wind is against us, but we can do it if we are careful. It is lucky we have a 'fire-break' plowed; if it isn't a very wide one." In a few minutes they were ready for their work.

The plowed field was on the south side of the cabin, and the "fire-break" was to the north of the plowed ground, circling around the buildings from side to side, so they had to follow the circle, a distance of about two hundred yards; but with the wind which was blowing, this was a difficult thing to do. Several times fire was blown across the "break," but each time Mrs. Wilbur, with the assistance of her daughter, put it out.

As Kate fired the grass it burned away against the wind, but even when fifty yards away, sometimes a swirl of wind would bring the fire across the "break."

"It is all right, now, mother; see how the flames are being drawn to the other fire, which will soon meet them. We were none too soon—but, mother, what shall we do?"

"I don't know, Kate; but I think I'm getting blind," and she sank to the ground unconscious.

Kate placed her upon her back and hurried to bring some water from the well, with which she bathed her mother's face. After a few minutes she opened her eyes and looked wonderingly around.

"I feel better, now," she said; "I must have been overcome with the heat. What a dreadful fire it was."

"But it is past, and we are now safe. Sit here awhile and rest yourself."

In a short time she was able to walk to the house. They had not been there long when they heard a horseman coming. It was Jonas Holstein.

"Thank God that you are safe!" he cried. "I feared that you would be burned to death."

"And so we feared," Kate answered. "It is dreadfully wicked to set out fire in a time like this, or at any time when there is danger; a man on the prairie unthinkingly would lose his life before it. How did it start, anyway?"

"I can tell you how it started," said a voice at the door, and John Kirkman stood before them. "Jonas Holstein started the fire, intending to destroy me; let him deny it if he dare."

"Did you see me do it?" Can you prove that I did it?" sneered Holstein.

"No, I did not see you, nor can I prove that you did it, but circumstances are against you, and I will give you just three days to get out of the settlement. Go, your sin has availed you nothing."

With a muttered curse he strode from the cabin and left its occupants to congratulate themselves on their fortunate escape from a horrible death.

To me the world's an open book,  
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;  
I read it in the rustling brook  
That sings its way through the trees,  
I read it in the leaves of trees,  
The rustling grain, the waving grass,  
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze  
That creeps the wavelets as they pass.

The flowers below the stars above,  
In all their bloom and brightness given  
Are like the attributes of love,  
The poetry of earth and heaven.  
Thus Nature's volume, read aright,  
Turns the soul to misty dreams,  
Tinsels life's clouds with rosy light  
And all the world with poetry.  
—George F. Morris.

### WOULD QUIT OFFICE FIRST.

Mayor of Monterey Has Bad Experience with Fourth of July Cannon.  
Rear Admiral Henry Palliser of the flagship Imperieuse, commanded the British squadron on the Pacific. The English government had just made Monterey, the old Mexican and Spanish capital of California, a supply station, and the admiral was in there for the first time. Desirous of honoring the little port, Admiral Palliser sent an officer ashore to ask the mayor if the warship fired a flag salute could Monterey return it. The mayor was greatly disturbed. To forfeit the salute to the American flag was not to be thought of, but how was the compliment to be returned? Upon the hill overlooking the bay was an ancient Mexican cannon, remnant of Spanish rule. It was used every Fourth of July, and the mayor concluded it would do. But the main difficulty to overcome was to collect a supply of powder large enough to fire twenty-one guns. However, by two o'clock all was ready, and the mayor sent word to the admiral that Monterey was prepared. The flagship began booming her salute at intervals of five seconds, and in a couple of minutes the flag salute of twenty-one guns had been fired. A large crowd had gathered on the hill to watch the progress of the seventeenth century cannon. "Boom!" went the first report, and a cheer went up. And then something happened. The old cannon got so hot and acted so queerly that fully-fifteen minutes elapsed before the second shot was attempted. But the mayor was determined, so just at sunset the twenty-first shot to the British flag was fired. As the mayor left the hill he was heard to say: "If another foreign flagship comes here to be saluted I'm going to resign office."

Popular with British Belles and American Beauties.  
Whenever Dame Fashion finds herself put to it for a novelty, she picks up her easel and does some expensive painting and directly there is a new fashion fad.  
Last summer she painted sashes; last winter, gauze frocks and in seasons past she painted socks and belts and hats and shoes, but never before stockings.  
About a month ago, over in Paris, she discovered her stock of original notions was running low, and that something had to be painted at once. The trouble coming up in Paris, by a natural law of harmony, she decided to decorate stockings. This idea was so new, so expensive and so unique that it caught the public eye at once.

### PAINTED STOCKINGS A FAD.

Though but a month old, it is an international fad.  
British belles and American beauties have all welcomed it with open arms, so to speak; the British maid for its unique expensiveness and the American girl for its audacious coquetry.  
With all due trembling, let it be said that the painted stocking is not really as effective as the lace applique nor as artistic as the plain gauze silk, but a fad's a fad for 'a' that. It is like a magnetic girl and does not need to be beautiful or sensible to be popular.

Every sort of design is used, birds, flowers, animals, monograms, college mottoes, and even the initials of one's sweetheart. A flock of tiny birds, swallows, bluebirds, hummingbirds, or canaries, are seen, that is, are painted on both black and white gauze silk, the flock starting at the instep and whirling round and round up to the stocking hem.

Valuable Collection of Cane.  
Hon. Horace W. Bailey of St. Johnsbury, Vt., has received a valuable cane brought from Japan. It is of bamboo and exquisitely carved. He has many other canes of historical interest. One was presented to him which came from Manila, and is made of lignum vitae. Another came from Cuba, made of julec wood from a ramrod used by the Cubans in one of their field guns. Another one is made from orange wood obtained in Thomasville, Ga., and still another is made from southern pine out of the floor in Libby prison.

Men Doing Women's Work.  
I observe that you repeat the charge so often made against modern women that they "are invading many callings once sacred to the male sex." May I call your attention to the fact, very seldom recognized, that the case is rather the reverse? If a few women have become doctors, scientists, authors, etc., and have taken a small amount of work from men in those professions, think of the thousands of women who have lost their occupation by being ousted by men from callings "once sacred" to the female sex. Note some many years ago the ordinary home work of women included the brewing of beer, distilling essences, bread-making, preserving, spinning, weaving, making clothes and other things too innumerable to mention. Now all these things are made away from home, in factories owned and managed by men, and worked largely by men. Our cakes, jams, pickles, and—most sacred of all—our Christmas puddings and mince-meat are made in wholesale quantities cheaper than we can make them at home. You have left us nothing but to order the dinner and darn the socks and stockings.—Letter in London Telegraph.

Ambassador Saved His Head.  
In the days of King George III. of England the Persian ambassador to his court demanded but was denied precedence over all other foreign representatives. He refused to go to court, causing it to be reported abroad that he was ill. He met the prince regent at the house of the Lady Salisbury of the time. "I am very sorry to offend your royal highness by not going to court," he said. "Now, sir, my sovereign, he tells me I go first; your people say I must go last. Now, this very bad for me when I go back to Persia." So saying he made a significant pause towards his head expressing deprecation. The prince tried to appease him. "But sir, you still angry with me; you have not invited me to your party to-morrow night." The prince explained that it was only a children's party, but the ambassador might come if he chose. He did choose; for he went, and being the only ambassador there, led all the guests, thus scoring heavily for Persia, which made him comfortable about the neck again.

Value of Manual Training.  
The spirit of the age in the field of education is becoming more practical and aiming at the utilitarian ends of public instruction. This is a nation of workers—workers who think and do things that have been carefully thought. The fad of ornamental and perfunctory education has gone out of vogue. The banker and the breadwinner in the trench or behind the truck both are of one desire now—each is equally eager that his son and daughter shall be taught the knowledge and practice of the actual arts of the independent life. Liberal expenditures for the practical teaching of domestic and manual trade knowledge would work wonders in making efficient and profitable men and women of our children whose school days at best are all too few and whose life-work begins so early and needs trained minds and hands.—Atlanta Constitution.

Poetry.  
To me the world's an open book,  
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;  
I read it in the rustling brook  
That sings its way through the trees,  
I read it in the leaves of trees,  
The rustling grain, the waving grass,  
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze  
That creeps the wavelets as they pass.

The Peanut Industry.  
More than 6,000,000 bushels of peanuts were grown in the United States last year, for which the buyers and consumers shelled out nearly \$14,000,000.

### MOTHER OF TWINS AT SIXTY.

Aged Farmer and Wife Proud of New Year's Present.  
A New Year's present for Charles Ritter, an aged farmer of Bristol Pike and Pennyback lane, was a fine pair of boys, who will be named Joseph and James as soon as preparations for a christening celebration can be completed, says a dispatch from Pittsburgh, Pa.  
The boys have three brothers, but they will never have them for playmates. Charles Ritter, Jr., the eldest, is 33 years old, and Albert, the youngest of the three, is only ten years his junior.

Mr. Ritter, who is 70 years old and but ten years older than his wife, came to this country from his native town in Saxony in 1850. For the last forty years he has been engaged in farming in the northeastern section of Germany. His wife is also of German birth, having come to this country from Cassel, in Hesse. Nine children have blessed their union. Mrs. Ritter does not look more than 40 years of age, although she is 60. The twins are healthy and strong.

Horn Book Worth \$80.  
An English dealer in rare books advertises for sale at \$80 an 18th century horn book, size 5 3/4 inches. The vellum manuscript is covered with thin horn secured by the original latten and iron tacks, upon oak back.

A Genuine Message in a Bottle.  
Six years ago the British schooner Ethel mysteriously disappeared en route from Bombay to Port Said. Her owners, Barkfoot & Co., of the latter port, gave her up for lost, and since that time until last month her fate remained a mystery to the world.

Unique Refuge From Law.  
In Corea the rooms of a wife or mother are the sanctuary of any man who breaks the law. Unless for treason or for one other crime, he cannot be forced to leave those rooms, and so long as he remains under the protection of his wife's apartments he is secure from the officers of the law.

Portable Church.  
A decided novelty in church construction has been erected recently near New York. The structure is complete in every way, and yet may be packed up and removed to another field and erected again for about \$75. In this way the total loss of a building of the old type is avoided and the original investment saved. The edifice has all the beauty, symmetry and apparent stability of the ordinary style church. It measures fifty-five feet in length and twenty-five in width.

Search for Treasure Long Lost.  
As a result of the great success achieved in recovering antique treasures from wreckage, researches have recently been instituted for the lost about 2,300 years ago. Search is later to be made for the ship chartered by Pompey to carry the art treasures he had seized at Athens back to Rome and which was wrecked in the archipelago something like 1,950 years ago.

Cat's Thrilling Ride.  
The office cat at the shoe factory in Derry, N. H., had a rapid ride in the big drive wheel one day last week. The cat was asleep in a warm place in the rim of the wheel before the power was started and the big wheel was revolving swiftly before the cat was seen. The machinery was stopped and pussy was taken out unharmed.

Killed Wolf With Broomstick.  
David Dike of Starksmo, Vt., is exhibiting the skin of a gray wolf which he killed near his barn. Mr. Dike was attracted by a noise near the barn, and, taking a broom, went to investigate. He found a wolf there and killed it with the broomstick. The animal weighed about thirty-five pounds and was a fine specimen.

Hunter's Reward.  
A Brockton man went hunting in Maine and, after an all-day tramp following tracks, located what he supposed was a deer up a tree. He fired a few shots and brought down a porcupine.

### REMARKABLE BEDQUILT.

Work of a Former Slave Will Be in Colorado Exhibit.  
One of the unique features of the Colorado exhibit at the St. Louis Fair will be a silk quilt, the work of Mrs. Florence Bell of Denver, a former slave, who, previous to her death, in 1880, was in the household of a Mr. Bambricht in Jackson county, Missouri.

The quilt is made of the finest quality of silk thread and contains 318 spoons. Mrs. Bell spent three years in finishing it, and the quilt is old in account of the interesting history surrounding the owner and the manner in which it was made.

Mrs. Bell, although a slave, acquired a good general education through her own efforts. She was born in 1855 and after she became the property of the Bambricht family during her girlhood, she never left the place. She began to make the quilt in 1880.

The quilt was submitted to Herman Lueders, secretary of the board of capitol managers, by John L. Bell, the janitor on the second floor of the capitol, husband of Florence Bell. Bell himself is an ex-slave and before the abolition of slavery he was owned by Octavius Wall of Ray county, Missouri. Bell was born in 1849 and although he never learned to read and write until he was twenty-eight years old, the letter accompanying the quilt is exceptionally well written, with few mistakes in the spelling. Bell states that when he was purchased forty-four years ago, he was chosen among nine other slaves, and that next July he will visit his former master for the first time in thirty-three years.

Best in the World.  
Estherville, Ia., Feb. 1st.—Mr. George J. Barber of this place says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best medicine in the world. There is nothing as good. I had been sick for over 15 years with Kidney Disease, finally turned into Bright's Disease. I was treated by Doctors in Chicago but they didn't do me any good. The best Doctor in Estherville treated me for five years with no better success. I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and made up my mind to give them a trial."

"I am very thankful to be able to say that they cured me completely and I think they are the best medicine in the world."

The honest, earnest, straightforward experience of real living men and women are the only material used in advertising Dodd's Kidney Pills. One such testimony is worth more than a thousand unsupported claims. The people who have used Dodd's Kidney Pills are those whose evidence is worth consideration and surely nothing can be more convincing than a statement like Mr. Barber's. There are thousands of others just as strong.

"My client belongs to the Sons of the Revolution, and his forefathers paid the price of liberty," was the peroration of the Police Court attorney. "In this case it will be five dollars and costs," calmly replied the Judge.

Teosinte and Billion Dollar Grass.  
The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 30 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre.

John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. (W. N. U.)

"John, do you remember the first time mamma paid us a visit?" "You bet I do. She wasn't in the house three hours till the cook left."

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

"So he's busy at his restaurant." "Busy's no name for it. Why, he hardly gets time to go out for his meals."

Quit Coughing.  
Why cough, when for 25c and this notice you get 25 doses of an absolutely guaranteed cough cure in tablet form. postpaid. WIS. DRUG CO., LA CROSSE, WIS. (W. N. U.)

Appetite wears out like everything else. If you use it too much.

POTMAN FADELESS DYES color Silk, Wool and Cotton at one boiling.

A Kentucky congressman says the test of whiskey in that state is to inject one drop into the veins of a rabbit. If that does not make him run to fight a bulldog the whiskey is considered no good.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.  
For children teething, soothe the gums, reduce inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Dose, one bottle.

Unless a man has sense he is seldom able to acquire dollars.

"It beats all" how good a clear you can buy for 5 cents if you buy the right brand. Try a "Hullhead."

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